loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in Cities mutinies, in Countries diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; finde out this villaine, *Edmund* it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully; and the noble and true hearted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt; ſtrange, ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfet of our owne behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the ſtars, as if we were villaines by neceſſity, fooles by heauenly compulſion, knaues, theeues, and trecherers by ſpirituall predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforc'ſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an admirable euaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of ſtars; my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, & my natiuity was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes I am rough & lecherous; Fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the Firmament twinckled on my baſtardy; *Edgar*,

Enter Edgar.

& out he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſigh like them of *Bedlam*; O theſe Eccliſpes do portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eccliſpes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the childe and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient armies, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt King and Nobles, needleſſe diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of Cohorts, nuptiall breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you bin a ſectary Aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why the night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two houres to

Baſt. Parted you in g
in him by word or cour

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke you
him, and at my entreaty
time hath qualified the
inſtant ſo rageth in him
it would ſcarſe allay.

Edg. Some villaine h

Baſt. That's my feare
arm'd, I am no honeſt
wards you, I haue told y
ly, nothing like the ima

Edg. Shall I heare fron

Baſt. I do ſerue you in
A credulous Father, and
Whoſe nature is ſo farr
That he ſuſpects none,
My practiſes ride eaſie,
Let me if not by birth, h
All with me's meete, th

Enter Gon

Gon. Did my Farher
foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and nigh
Euery houre he flaſhes
That ſets vs all at ods,
His knights grow rioto
On euery trifle when he
I will not ſpeake with
If you come ſlacke of f
You ſhall do well, the fa

Gent. Hee's comming

Gon. Put on what wea
fellow-ſeruants, Ide ha

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